

22 THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE and SUFFERINGS

Of that Eminent and Faithful Servant of JESUS
CHRIST, Mr. JOHN WELCH, sometime Mi-
nister of the Gospel at *Ayr*.

With some Remarkable PROPHECIES while he was
PRISONER in the Castle of *Edinburgh*, and in
France, together with two *Prophetical Letters*.

One from the Castle of *Blackness* to Dame *Lilias
Graham*, Countess of *Wigtoun*, January 6. 1605.

The other wrote to Sir *William Livingstone* of *Kil-
syth*, one of the Lords of the College of Justice
from *Blackness*, 1605.

*Psal. cxii. 6. The Righteous shall be in everlasting
Remembrance.*

*Acts xx. 22. Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth,
saying, That Bonds and Afflictions abide me.*

*Heb. xi. 36. And others had Trial of cruel Mockings
and Scourgings, yea moreover, of Bonds and Im-
prisonment.*

*Psal. xxxiv. 19. Many are the Afflictions of the
Righteous: But the LORD delivereth him out of
them all.*

EDINBURGH:

THE L I F E

OF THE REVEREND

MR. JOHN WELCH,

Minister of the GOSPEL at *Ayr*.

MR. *John Welch* was born a Gentleman, his Father being Laird of *Colliestoun*, (an Estate rather competent than large, in the Shire of *Nithisdale*) about the Year 1570, the Dawning of our Reformation being then but dark. He was a rich Example of Grace and Mercy; but the Night went before the Day, being a most hopeless extravagant Boy: It was not enough to him, frequently when he was a young Stripling, to run away from the School, and play the Trouant; but, after he had past his Grammar, and was come to be a Youth, he left the School, and his Father's House, and went and joined himself to the Thieves on the *English* Border, who lived by robbing the two Nations, and amongst them he stayed till he spent a Suit of Cloathes. Then, when he was clothed only with Rags, the Prodigal's Misery brought him to the Prodigal's Resolutions, so he resolved to return to his Father's House; but durst not adventure, till he should interpose a Reconciler. So, in his Return homeward, he took *Dumfries* in his Way, where he had a Friend, one *Agnes Forsyth*, and with her he diverted some Days, earnestly entreating her to reconcile him to his Father. While he lurked in her House, his Father came providentially to the House to salute his Cousin, Mrs. *Forsyth*, and after they had talked a while, she asked him, Whether ever he had heard any News of his Son *John*? To her, he reply'd with great Grief. O! cruel Woman, How can you name his Name to me, the first News I expect to hear of him is, that he is hanged for a Thief; She answered, Many a profligate Boy has become a virtuous Man, and comforted him. He insisted upon his sad Complaint, and asked, Whether she knew his lost Son was yet alive? She an-

swered,

swered, Yes, he was, and she hoped he should prove a better Man than he was a Boy; and with that she called upon him to come to his Father: He came weeping, and knelt, beseeching his Father, for Christ's Sake, to pardon his Misbehaviour, and deeply engaged to be a new Man. His Father reproached him and threatened him: Yet, at length, by the Boys Tears and Mrs. Forster's Importunities, he was perswaded to a Reconciliation. The Boy entreated his Father to put him to the College, and there to try his Behaviour, and if ever thereafter he should break, he said, he should be content his Father should disclaim him for ever. So his Father carried him home, and put him to the College, there he became a diligent Student of great Expectation, and ed himself a sincere Convert; and so he proceeded to the Ministry.

His first Post in the Ministry was at *Selkirk*, while he was very young and the Country rude. While he was there, his Ministry was rather admired by some than received by many: For he was always attended with the Prophet's Shadow, the Hatred of the Wicked; yea, even the Ministers of that Country, were more ready to pick a Quarrel with his Person, than to follow his Doctrine, as may appear to this Day in their Synodical Records. In we find he had many to censure him, and only some to defend him: Yet it was thought his Ministry in that Place was without Fruit, tho' he staid but short Time there. Being a young Man unmarried, he tabled himself in the House of one *James*, and took a young Boy of his to be his Bedfellow, who, to his dying Day retained both a Respect to Mr. Welch and his Ministry, from the Impressions Mr. Welch his Behaviour made upon his Apprehension, tho' but a Child. His Custom was, when he went to Bed at Night to lay a *Scots* Plaid above his Bed Clothes, and when he went to his Night-Prayers, to sit up and cover himself negligently therewith, and so to continue. For, from the Beginning of his Ministry to his Death he reckoned the Day ill spent, if he staid not seven or eight Hours in Prayer: And this the Boy would never forget even to hoary Hairs.

I had once the Curiosity, travelling thro' the Town, to call for an old Man, his Name was *Ewart*, who remembered upon Mr. Welch his being in that Place; and after other Discourses, enquired of him, What Sort of a Man Mr. Welch was? His Answer was, O, Sir! He was a Type of Christ. An Expression more significant than proper; for his Meaning was, That he was an Example that imitated Christ, as indeed in many Things he did. He told me also, That his Custom was, to preach publicly once every Day, and to spend his whole Time in spiritual Exercises; that some in

but that he was constrained to leave that Place, because of the Malice of the Wicked.

The special Cause of his Departure was a prophane Gentleman in the Country, one *Scot of Hawickshaw*, whose Family is now extinct; but because Mr. *Welch* had either reproved him, or merely out of Hatred, Mr. *Welch* was most unworthily abused by the unhappy Man; and, among the rest of the Injuries he did him, this was one, Mr. *Welch* kept always two good Horses for his Use, and the wicked Gentleman, when he could do no more, either with his own Hand, or his Servants, cut off the Rumps of the two innocent Beasts, upon which followed such Effusion of Blood that they both died; which Mr. *Welch* did much resent, and such base Usage as this perswaded him to listen to a Call to the Ministry at *Kirkcudbright*, which was his next Post.

But when he was to leave *Selkirk*, he could not find a Man in all the Town to transport his Furniture, except only *Ewart*, who was at that Time a poor young Man, but Master of two Horses, with which he transported Mr. *Welch* his Goods, and so left him; but as he took his Leave, Mr. *Welch* gave him his Blessing, and a Piece of Gold for a Token, exhorting him to fear God, and promised he should never want: Which Promise Providence made good thro' the whole Course of the Man's Life, as was observed by all his Neighbours.

At *Kirkcudbright* he stayed not long, but there he reaped a good Harvest of Converts, which subsisted long after his Departure, and were a Part of Mr. *Samuel Rutherford's* Flock, tho' not his Parish, while he was Minister at *Anwath*: Yet when his Call to *Ayr* came to him, the People of the Parish at *Kirkcudbright* never offered to detain him; so his Transportation to *Ayr* was the more easy.

While he was in *Kirkcudbright*, he met with a young Gallant in Scarlet and Silver-Lace, the Gentleman's Name was Mr. *Robert Gledising*, new come home from his Travels, and much surpriz'd the young Man, by telling him, he behoved to change his Garb and Way of Life, and betake himself to the Study of the Scriptures, (which at that Time was not his Business) for he should be his Successor in the Ministry at *Kirkcudbright*; which accordingly came to pass some Time thereafter.

Mr. *Welch* was transported to *Ayr*, in the Year 1590, and there he continued till he was banished. There he had a very hard Beginning, but a very sweet End: For when he came first to the Town, the Country was so wicked, and the Hatred of Godliness so great, that there could not one in all the Town be found to let him a House to dwell in, so he was constrained to accommodate himself the best he might in a Part of a Gentleman's House for a

Time, the Gentleman's Name was *John Stuart Merchant*, and sometime Provest of *Ayr*, an eminent Christian, and great Assistant of Mr. *Welch*.

And when he had first taken up his Residence in that Town, the Place was divided into Factions, and so filled with bloody Conflicts, that a Man could hardly walk the Streets with Safety. Mr. *Welch* made it his first Undertaking to remove the bloody Quarrellings; but he found it very difficult Work: Yet such was his Earnestness to pursue his Design, that many Times he would rush betwixt two Parties of Men fighting, even in the Midst of Blood and Wounds; he used to cover his Head with a Head-Piece, before he went to separate these bloody Enemies, but never used a Sword, that they might see he came for Piece, and not for War; and so, by little and little, he made the Town a peaceable Habitation.

His Manner was, after he had ended a Skirmish amongst his Neighbours, and reconciled these bitter Enemies, to cause cover a Table upon the Street, and there brought the Enemies together, and, beginning with Prayer, he perswaded them to profess themselves Friends, and then to eat and drink together: Then, last of all he ended the Work with singing a *Psalm*. So, after the rude People began to observe his Example, and listen to his heavenly Doctrine; he came quickly to that Respect amongst them, that he became not only a necessary Counsellor, without whose Counsel they would do nothing, but an Example to imitate, and so he buried the bloody Quarrels.

He gave himself wholly to ministerial Exercises; he preached once every Day; he prayed the third Part of his Time; was unwearied in his Studies; and for a Proof of this, it was found amongst his other Papers, that he had abridged *Suarez* his Metaphysics when they came first to his Hand, even when he was well stricken in Years. By all which it appears, that he was not only a Man of great Diligence, but also of a strong and robust natural Constitution, otherwise he had never endured the Fatigue.

But if his Diligence was great, so it is doubted whether his Sowing in Painfulness, or his Harvest in Success, was greater; for if either his spiritual Experiences in seeking the Lord, or his Fruitfulness in converting Souls, be considered, they will be found unparalleled in *Scotland*. And many Years after Mr. *Welch*'s Death, Mr. *David Dickson*, at that Time a flourishing Minister at *Irvine*, was frequently heard to say, When People talked to him of the Success of his Ministry, *That the Grape gleanings in Ayr, in Mr. Welch's Time, were far above the Vintage of Irvine in his own*. Mr. *Welch*'s Preaching was spiritual and searching; his Utterance

tender and moving: He did not much insist upon scholastick Purposes. He made no Show of his Learning. I heard once one of his Hearers, (who was afterwards Minister at *Moorkirk* in *Kyle*) say, That no Man could hardly hear him, and forbear weeping, his Conveyance was so affecting. There is a large Volume of his Sermons now in *Scotland*; but never any of them came to the Press, nor did ever appear in Print, except in his Dispute with *Abbot Brown* the *Papist*, wherein he makes it appear his Learning was not behind his other Virtues: And in another Piece, called *Dr. Welch's Armageddon*, printed, I suppose, in *France*, wherein he gives his Meditation upon the Enemies of the Church, and their Destruction. But the Piece itself is rarely to be found.

Sometimes, before he went to Sermon he would send for his ELDERS and tell them, he was afraid to go to Pulpit; because he found himself sore deserted: And thereafter desire one or more of them to pray, and then he would venture to the Pulpit. But, it was observed, this humbling Exercise used ordinarily to be followed with a Flame of extraordinary Assistance; so near Neighbours are many Times contrary Dispositions and Frames. He would many Times retire to the Church of *Ayr*, which was at some Distance from the Town, and there spend the whole Night in Prayer; for he used to allow his Affections full Expressions, and prayed not only with an audible, but some Times a loud Voice; nor did he irk in that Solitude, all the Night over; which hath (it may be) occasioned the contemptible Slander of some malicious Enemies, who were so bold, as to call him no less than a *Wizard*.

There was in *Ayr*, before he came to it, an aged Man, a Minister of the Town, call'd *Porterfield*, the Man was judged no bad Man, for his personal Inclinations; but of so easy a Disposition, that he used many Times to go too great a Length with his Neighbours in many dangerous Practices; amongst the rest, he used to go to the Bow Butts and Archery on Sabbath-Afternoon, to Mr. *Welch's* great Dissatisfaction. But the Way he used to reclaim him was not bitter Severity; but this gentle Policy: Mr. *Welch*, together with *John Stuart*, and *Hugh Kennedy*, his two intimate Friends, used to spend the Sabbath-Afternoon in religious Conference and Prayer; and to this Exercise they invited Mr. *Porterfield*, which he could not well refuse; by which Means, he was not only diverted from his former sinful Practice; but likewise brought to a more watchful and edifying Behaviour in his Course of Life.

He married *Elisabeth Knox*, Daughter to the famous Mr. *John Knox*, Minister at *Edinburgh*, the Apostle of *Scotland*, and she lived with him from his Youth, till his Death. By her, I have heard,

Medicine, who was unhappily killed upon an innocent Mistake in the *Low-Countries*, and of him I never heard more. Another Son, he had most lamentably lost at Sea; for when the Ship, in which he was, sunk, he swam to a Rock in the Sea, but starv'd there for want of necessary Food and Refreshment; and when sometime afterward his Body was found upon the Rock, they found him dead in a praying Posture, upon his bended Knees, with his Hands stretched out, and this was all the Satisfaction his Friends and the World had upon his lamentable Death, so bitter to his Friends. Another Son, he had who was Heir to his Father's Graces and Blessings, and this was Mr. *Jasias Welch*, Minister at *Temple-Patrick*, in the North of *Ireland*, commonly called the *Cock of the Conscience*, by the People of the Country, because of his extraordinary waking and rousing Gift. He was one of that blest Society of Ministers, which wrought that unparallel'd Work in the *North of Ireland*, about the Year 1639. But was himself a Man most sadly exercised with Doubts about his own Salvation all his Time, and would ordinarily say, *That Minister was much to be pitied, who was called to comfort weak Saints, and had no Comfort himself.* He died in his Youth, and left for his Successor Mr. *John Welch*, Minister at *Iron-gray* in *Galloway*, the Place of his Grand-fathers Nativity. What Business this made in *Scotland*, in the Time of the late Episcopal Persecution for the Space of twenty Years, is known to all *Scotland*. He maintained his dangerous Post of preaching the Gospel upon the Mountains of *Scotland*, notwithstanding of the Threatnings of the State, the Hatred of the Bishops, the Price set upon his Head, and all the fierce Industry of his cruel Enemies. It is well known, that bloody *Claver-house*, upon secret Information from his Spies, that Mr. *Welch* was to be found in some lurking Place, at forty Miles Distance, would make all that long Journey in one Winter's Night, that he might catch him; but when he came he miss'd always his Prey. I never heard of a Man endured more Toil, adventured upon more Hazard, escap'd so much Hazard, not in the World. He used to tell his Friends, who counselled him to be more cautious, and not to hazard himself so much, *That he firmly believed dangerous Undertakings would be his Security, and that whenever he should give over that Course, and retire himself, his Ministry should come to an End.* Which accordingly came to pass, for when after *Bothwelbridge*, he retired to *London*, the Lord called him by Death, and there he was honourably buried, not far from the King's Palace.

But to return to old Mr. *Welch*; as the Duty wherein he abounded and excelled most was Prayer, so his greatest Attainments fell that Way: He used to say, *He wondred how a Christian could*

ly in a Bed all Night, and not rise to pray. And many Times he rose, and many Times he watched. One Night he rose from his Wife, and went into the next Room, where he staid so long at secret Prayer, that his Wife fearing he might catch Cold, was constrained to rise and follow him, and as she hearkned, she heard him speak as by interrupted Sentences, *Lord, wilt thou not grant me Scotland;* and after a Pause, *Enough, Lord, enough;* and so she returned to her Bed, and he followed her, not knowing she had heard him; but when he was by her, she asked him what he meant by saying, *Enough, Lord, enough;* He shewed himself dissatisfied with her Curiosity, but told her, he had been wrestling with the Lord for Scotland, and found there was a sad Time at Hand, but that the Lord would be gracious to a Remnant. This was about the Time when Bishops first over-spread the Land, and corrupted the Church. This is more wonderful I am to relate, I heard once an honest Minister, who was a Parishoner of Mr *Welch's* many a Day, say, *That one Night as he watched in his Garden very late, and some Friends waiting upon him in the House, and wearying because of his long Stay; one of them chanced to open a Window towards the Place where he walked, and saw clearly a Light surround him, and heard him speak strange Words about his spiritual Joy.* I do neither add nor alter: I am the more induced to believe this, having heard it from as good a Hand as any in Scotland; that a very godly Man (who not a Minister) said, That after he had spent a whole Night in a Country House of his, at the House in the Muir, declared confidently, *He saw such an extraordinary Light as this himself, which was to him both Matter of Wonder and Astonishment.* But tho' Mr. *Welch* had, upon the account of his Holiness, Abilities and Success acquired among his subdued People a very great Respect, yet was he never in such Admiration, as after the great Plague which raged in Scotland about the Year,

And one Cause was this, 'The Magistrates of *Ayr*, forasmuch as this alone Town was free, and the Country about infected, thought fit to guard the Ports with Centinels and Watchmen; and one Day two travelling Merchants, each with a Pack of Cloath upon a Horse, came to the Town, desiring Entrance, that they might sell their Goods, producing a Pass from the Magistrates of the Town whence they came, which was at that Time sound and free; yet notwithstanding all the Centinels stop'd them till the Magistrates were called, and when they came, they would do nothing without their Minister's Advice: So Mr. *Welch* was called, and his Opinion asked; he demurred and put off his Hat, with his Eyes towards Heaven for a pretty Space, tho' he uttered no audible Words, yet continued in a praying Gesture, and

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After a little Space, told the Magistrates they would discharge these Travellers their Town, affirming with a great Allevation, the Plague was in these Packs; so the Magistrates commanded them to be gone, and they went to *Concord*, a Town some ten Miles distant, and there sold their Goods, which kindled such an Infection in that Place, that the Living were hardly able to bury their Dead. This made the People begin to think Mr. Welch as an Oracle. Yet as he walked with God, and kept close with him, so he forgot not Man; For he used frequently to dine abroad with such of his Friends, as he thought were Persons with whom he might maintain the Communion of the Saints; and once in the Year, he used always to invite all his Familiars in the Town, to a *Treat* in his House, where there was a Banquet of Holiness and Sobriety.

He continued the Course of his Ministry in *Ayr*, till King James his Purpose of destroying the Church of Scotland, by establishing Bishops, was ripe; and then it fell to be his Duty to edify the Church by his Sufferings, as formerly he had by his Doctrine.

The Reason why King James was so violent for Bishops, was neither their divine Institution, which he denied they had, nor yet the Profit the Church should reap by them, for he knew well both the Men and their Communications, but merely because he believed they were useful Instruments to turn a limited Monarchy into absolute Dominion, and Subjects into Slaves; the Design in the World he minded most. Always in the Pursuit of his Design, he followed this Method; In the first Place, he resolved to destroy a General Assembly; knowing well that so long as Assemblies might convene in Freedom, Bishops could never get their designed Authority in Scotland; and the Dissolution of Assemblies he brought about in this Manner:

The General Assembly at *Holy-Rood-House*, in the Year 1602, with the King's Consent, indicted their next Meeting to be kept at *Aberdeen*, the last *Tuesday* of *July*, in the Year 1603; and, before that Day came, the King, by his Commissioner, the Lord of *Lauriesston*, discharged them to meet. Mr. *Patrick Gallaway* Moderator of the last Assembly, in a Letter directed to the several Presbyteries, continued the Meeting till the first *Tuesday* of *July* 1605, at the same Place. Last of all, in *June* 1605, the expected Meeting to have been kept in *July* following, is, by a new Letter from the King's Commissioner, and the Commissioners of the General Assembly, discharged and prohibited; but without naming any Day or Place for any other Assembly absolutely: And so the Series of our Assemblies expired, never to revive again in due Time, till the Covenant was renewed in the Year 1638. However, the

THE LIFE of

ny of the godly Ministers of *Scotland*, knowing well, If once the Hodge of the Government was broken, the Corruption of the Doctrine would soon follow, resolved not to quit their Assembly so. And therefore, a Number of them convened at *Aberdeen*, upon the first *Tuesday* of *July* 1605, being the last Day that was distinctly appointed by Authority; and when they had met, did no more but constitute themselves, and dissolve, and that was all. Amongst those was *Mr. Welch*, who tho' he had not been present upon that precise Day, yet because he came to the Place, and approved what his Brethren had done, he was accused as guilty of the unreasonable Fact committed by his Brethren. So dangerous a Point was the Name of a General Assembly, in *King James's* jealous Judgment.

Within a Month after this Meeting, many of these godly Men were incarcerated, some in one Prison, some in another; *Mr. Welch* was sent first to *Edinburgh Tolbooth*, and then to *Blackness*; and so from Prison to Prison, till he was banished to *France*, never to see *Scotland* again.

And now the Scene of his Life begins to alter; but, before his blessed Sufferings, he had this strange Warning:

After the Meeting of *Aberdeen* was over, he retired immediately to *Ayr*; and one Night he rose from his Wife, and went into his Garden (as his Custom was) but stayed longer than ordinary, which troubled his Wife. Who, when he returned, expostulated with him very hard, for his staying so long, to wrong his Health: He bid her be quiet, for it should be well with them; but he knew well, he should never preach more in *Ayr*. And accordingly, before the next Sabbath, he was carried Prisoner to *Blackness Castle*. After that, he with many others, who had met at *Aberdeen*, were brought before the Council of *Scotland*, at *Edinburgh*, to answer for their Rebellion and Contempt, in holding a General Assembly, not authorized by the King; and because they declined the Secret Council, as Judges competent in Causes purely spiritual, such as the Nature and Constitution of a General Assembly is; they were first remitted to the Prison at *Blackness*, and other Places; and thereafter, six of the most considerable of them, were brought under Night from *Blackness* to *Linlithgow*, before the Criminal Judges, to answer an Accusation of high Treason, at the Instance of *Sir Thomas Hamilton*, the King's Advocate, for declining, as he alleged, the King's lawful Authority, in refusing to admit the Council Judges competent in the Cause of the Nature of Church Ecclesiastical. And after their Accusation, an Answer was read; by the Verdict of a Jury of very considerable Gentlemen, they were condemned as guilty of high Treason, the Punishment continued. *King's Pleasure* should be known; and thereafter their P-

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admittance was made Banishment, that the cruel Sentence might
some way seem to lessen their severe Punishment, as the King had
contrived it.

While he was in *Blackness*, he wrote his famous Letter to Dame
Lilias Graham, Countess of *Wigtoun*, which here I have inserted.

*The Consolation of the Holy Ghost be multiplied unto you by Jesus
Christ.*

Often and many Times, Christian and Elect Lady, I have
desired the Opportunity to be comforted with that Consol-
ation wherewith it hath pleased God, of his free Grace and Mercy,
to fill and furnish you. Your Remembrance is very sweet and
comfortable to my very Soul: Since the Time I knew you in Christ
Jesus, I have ever been minded of you unto the Lord, and now,
not being able to refrain any longer, I could not omit this Occa-
sion; not knowing how long it may please the Lord to continue my
Being in this Tabernacle, or give me further Occasion of writing
to you.

Altho' I have not great Matter at this Time, yet, in Remem-
brance of your Labour of Love, Hope and Patience, I must needs
salute your Ladyship, knowing assuredly, you are the Choice of
God, set apart before ever the World was, to that glorious and e-
ternal Inheritance. Being thus comforted in your Faith and Hope,
I am fully assured, tho' we never have the Occasion of meeting
here, yet we shall reign together in the World to come.

My Desire to remain here is not great, knowing, *That so long
as I am in this House of Clay, I am absent from God; and if it were
dissolved, I look for a Building, not made with Hands, eternal is the
Heavens. In this I groan, desiring to be clothed upon with my House
which is in Heaven: If so be that being clothed, I shall not be found
naked. For I that am within this Tabernacle, do often groan and
sigh within myself; being oftentimes burdened: Not that I would
be unclothed, but clothed upon; that Mortality might be swallowed
up of Life. I long to eat of that Tree which is planted in the
Middle of the Paradise of God, and to drink of the pure River, clear
as Crystal, that runs thro' the Streets of the New Jerusalem. I
know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the last Day
upon the Earth. And tho' after my Skin Worms destroy my Body, yet
in my Flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and not a-
nother for me; and mine Eyes shall behold him, tho' my Reins be con-
sumed within me. I long to be refreshed with the Dew of
Heaven, and to dwell under the Altar, who were slain for the Word of God.*

the Testimony they held, and to have these long white Robes given me, that I may walk in white Raiment, with those glorious Saints who have washed their Garments, and have made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Why should I think it a strange Thing to be removed from this Place to that; wherein my Hope, my Joy, my Crown, my Elder Brother, my Head, my Father, my Comforter, and all the glorious Saints are; and where the Song of Moses and the Lamb are sung joyfully; where we shall not be compelled to sit by the Rivers of Babylon, and to hang our Harps upon the Willow-Trees; but shall take them up and sing the Hallelujah, Blessing, Honour, Glory and Power, to him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever? What is there under the old Vault of the Heavens, and in this old worn Earth, which is under the Bondage of Corruption, groaning, and travelling in Pain, and shooting out the Head, looking, waiting and longing, for the Redemption of the Sons of God? What is there, I say, that should make me desire to remain here? I expect that new Heavens, and that new Earth, wherein Righteousness dwelleth, wherein I shall rest for evermore. I look to get Entry into the New Jerusalem, at one of these twelve Gates, whereupon are written the Names of the twelve Tribes of the Children of Israel. I know that Christ Jesus hath prepared them for me. Why may I not then, with Boldness in his Blood, step into that Glory, where my Head and Lord hath gone before me? Jesus Christ is the Door, and the Porter; Who then shall hold me out? Will he let them perish for whom he died? Will he let them, poor Sheep, be plucked out of his Hand for whom he hath laid down his Life? Who shall condemn the Man whom God hath justified? Who shall lay any Thing to the Charge of the Man for whom Christ hath died, or rather risen again? I know I have grievously transgressed, but where Sin abounded, Grace will superabound. I know my Sins are red as Scarlet and Crimson, yet the red Blood of Christ my Lord can make them as white as Snow or Wool: Whom have I in Heaven but him, or whom desire I in the Earth besides him? Psal. lxxiii. 25. O thou the fairest among the Children of Men, Psal. xlv. 2. The Light of the Gentiles, the Glory of the Jews, the Life of the Dead, the Joy of Angels and Saints, my Soul panteth to be with thee, I will put my Spirit into thy Hands, and thou wilt not put me out of thy Presence; I will come unto thee, for thou castest none away that come unto thee, O thou the Delight of Mankind! Thou comest to seek and to save that which was lost; thou seeking me hast found me, and now being found by thee, I hope, O Lord, thou wilt not let me perish. I desire to be with thee, and do long for the Fruition of thy blessed Presence, and Joy of thy

Countenance: Thou, the only good Shepherd, art full of Grace and Truth; therefore I trust thou wilt not thrust me out of the Door of Grace: The Law was given by Moses, but Grace and Truth came by thee: Who shall separate me from thy Love? Shall Tribulation, or Distress, or Persecution, or Famine, or Nakedness, or Peril, or Sword? Nay, in all these Things I am more than Conqueror, thro' thy Majesty who hast loved me: For I am persuaded, that neither Death, nor Life, nor Principalities, nor Powers, nor any other Creature, is able to separate me from the Love of the Majesty which is in Christ Jesus my Lord. I refuse not to die with thee, that I may live with thee: I refuse not to suffer with thee, that I may rejoice with thee. Shall not all Things be pleasant to me, which may be the last Step, by which, and upon which, I may come unto thee? When shall I be satisfied with thy Face! When shall I be drunk with thy Pleasures? Come, Lord Jesus, and tarry not. The Spirit says, Come; the Bride says, Come; even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and tarry not.

Why should the Multitude of my Iniquities, or Greatness of them affright me? Why should I faint in this my Desire to be with thee? The greater Sinner I have been, the greater Glory will thy Grace be to thee unto all Eternity. O unspeakable Joy, endless, infinite and bottomless Compassion! O Sea of never tiring Pleasure! O Love of Loves! O the Breadth, and Height, and Depth, and Length of that Love of thine, that passeth all Knowledge! The Love of Jonathan was great indeed to David, it passed the Love of Women; but thy Love, O Lord, passeth all created Love! O uncreated Love! beginning without Beginning, and ending without End. Thou art my Glory, my Joy, and my Gain, and my Crown; thou hast set me under thy Shadow with great Delight, and thy Fruit is sweet unto my Taste: Thou hast brought me into thy Banqueting-House, and placed me in the Orchard: Stay me with Flagons, and comfort me with Apples, for I am sick, and my Soul is wounded with thy Love. Behold thou art fair, my Love; behold thou art fair, thou hast Deep Eyes; behold thou art fair, my beloved; yea pleasant: Also our Bed is green; the Beams of our House are Cedars, and our Rafter are of Fir: How fair and how pleasant art thou, O full of all Delights! My Heart is ravished with thee; O when shall I see thy Face! How long wilt thou delay to be with me as a Roe, or a young Hart, leaping upon the Mountains, and skipping upon the Hills: As a Bundle of Myrrh be thou to me, and by all Night betwixt my Breasts; because of the Savour of thy good Ointments: Thy Name is as Ointment poured forth: Therefore desire I to go out of this Desert, and to come to the Place where thou sittest at thy Repast, and where thou leadest the Flocks to rest at Noon. When shall I be filled with the

Love! Surely, if a Man know how precious it were, he would count
 all Things Dross and Dung to gain it: Truly I would long for
 that Scaffold, or that Ax, or that Cord, that might be to me
 that last Step of this my wearisome Journey to go to thee, my Lord.
 Thou who knowest the Meaning of the Spirit, give answer to the
 speaking, sighing, and groaning of the Spirit: Thou who hast en-
 flamed my Heart to speak unto thee in this silent yet lively Lan-
 guage of ardent and fervent Desire, speak again unto my Heart,
 and answer my Desires, which thou hast made me speak to thee,
 1 Cor. xv. 55. *O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is
 thy Victory? The Sting of Death is Sin, the Strength of Sin is the
 Law. But Thanks be to God, who giveth us the Victory thro'
 Jesus Christ.* What can be more welcome unto me, since my Lord
 looks upon me with so loving and amiable a Countenance? And
 how greatly do I long for these Embracements of my Lord? O that
 he would kiss me with the Kisses of his Mouth, Cant. i. 2. *For his
 Love is better than Wine!* O that my Soul were the Throne where-
 in he might dwell eternally! O that my Heart were the Temple
 wherein he might be magnified, and dwell for ever! All Glory be
 unto my God, Angels and Saints, praise ye him: O thou Earth,
 yea, Hills and Mountains, be glad: you shall not be wearied any
 more with the Burden of Corruption, whereunto you have been sub-
 ject thro' the Wickedness of Mankind. Lift up your Heads
 and be glad, for a Fire shall make you clean from all your Corrup-
 tion and Vanity, wherewith for many Years you have been infected.
 Let the Bride rejoice, let all the Saints rejoice, for the Day of the
 Marriage with the Bridegroom (even the Lamb of God) is at
 hand, and his fair white Robes shall be given her: she shall be ar-
 ray'd with the golden Vestry and Needle-Work of his manifold
 Graces, that shall be put upon her: He, who is her Life, shall quick-
 ly appear, and she shall quickly appear with him in the Glory and
 Happiness of a consummate Marriage. But I must remember my-
 self, I know I have been greatly strengthened and sustained by your
 Prayers, (Honourable Lady, and dearly Beloved in our Lord Jesus)
 continue, I pray you, as you have begun, in wrestling with the
 Lord for me, that Christ may be magnified in my mortal Body,
 whether living or dead, that my Soul may be lifted up to the third
 Heavens, that I may taste of these Joys that are at the Right hand
 of my heavenly Father, and that with Gladness I may let my Spirit
 go whither where my Body shall shortly follow. Who am I, that
 he should first have called me, and then constitute me a Minister of
 the glad Tidings of the Gospel of Salvation these Years already,
 and now, last of all, to be a Minister for his Cause and Kingdom:
 and let it be so, that I have sought my Left and run my Race.

now from henceforth is laid up for me that Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, that righteous God, will give, and not to me only, but to all that love his Appearance; and choose to witness this, that Jesus Christ is the King of Saints, and that his Church is a most free Kingdom, yea, as free as any Kingdom under Heaven, not only to convocate, hold and keep her Meetings, and Conventions, and Assemblies, but also to judge of all her Affairs, in all her Meetings and Conventions amongst her Members and Subjects. These two Points, first, That Christ is the Head of his Church, secondly, That she is free in her Government from all other Jurisdiction except Christ's: These two Points, I say, are the special Causes of our Imprisonment, being now convict as Traitors for maintaining these. We have been ever waiting with Joyfulness to give the last Testimony of our Blood in Confirmation thereof, if it should please our God to be so favourable as to honour us with that Dignity: Yea, I do affirm, that these two Points above written, and all other Things which belong to Christ's Crown, Scripture, and Kingdom, are not subject, nor cannot be, to any other Authority, but to his own altogether. So that I would be most glad to be offered up as a Sacrifice for so glorious a Truth: But, alas! I fear that my Sin, and the Abuse of so glorious Things as I have found, deprive me of so fair a Crown; yet my Lord doth know, if he would call me to it, and strengthen me in it, it would be to me the most glorious Day, and gladdest Hour, I ever saw in this Life; but I am in his Hand, to do with me whatsoever shall please his Majesty. It may suffice me, I have had so long a Time in the Knowledge of the Gospel; and that I have seen the Things that I have seen, and heard the Things that I have heard, and thro' the Grace of God I have been so long a Witness of these glorious and good News, in my weak Ministry, and that my witnessing hath not been altogether without Fruit and Blessing; so that I hope at that Day, I shall have him to be my Crown, my Glory, my Joy, and Reward; and therefore, boldly, I say with Simon, Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace, (not in a peaceable dying in my Body) but by rendring up to him my Spirit, and the sealing and stamping this Truth with my Blood: I desire not to have it remedied; but let my Lord's Will be done.

Now that Prophecy is at Hand, which these two worthy Servants of the Lord, Mr. George Wiseheart, and Mr. John Knox my Father-in-Law, spoke; which was, That Christ should be crucified in this Kingdom, but glorious should be his Resurrection, as Mr. Knox with his own Hand upon the Margin of Calvin's Harmony upon the Passion did write, which is yet extant: But alas! for this Kingdom. My Testimony now doth not differ from that of many others this Time, who say, That the Kingdom of Christ is not

be Blood, the Kingdom shall be rawn in Blood, a fourbished and glittering Sword is already drawn out of the Scabbard, which shall not return until it be made drunk with the Blood of the Men of this Land; first the heavy intestine Sword, and then the Sword of the Stranger. O doleful *Scotland*! well were he that were removed from thee, that his Eyes might not see, nor his Ears hear all the Evils that are to come upon thee; neither the strong Man by his Strength, nor the rich Man by his Riches, nor the Nobleman by Blood, shall be delivered from the Judgments. There is a great Sacrifice to be made in *Bozrah*, in thee, O *Scotland*, of the Blood of all Sorts in the Land, *Ephraim* shall consume *Manasseh*; and *Manasseh* *Ephraim*: Brother against Brother, and every Man to the Judgment of the Lord shall be armed, to thrust his Sword in the Side of his Neighbour, and all for the Contempt of the glorious Gospel: And that Blood which was offered to thee, O *Scotland*, in so plenteous a Manner, that the like thereof hath not been offered to any Nation; therefore thy Judgment shall be greater: But the Sanctuary must be begun at, and the Measure is not fulfilled, till the Blood of the Saints be shed; then the Cries will be great, and will not stay, till they bring the Lord down from Heaven his Throne, to see if the Sins of *Scotland* be according to the Cry thereof; neither shall there be any Subject in the Land from the greatest to the meanest guiltless. The Guilt of our Blood shall not only ly upon our Prince, but also upon our own Brethren, Bishops, Councillors, and Commissioners; it is they, even they that have stirred up our Prince against us: We must therefore lay the Blame, and Burden of our Blood upon them especially, however the rest above written be Partakers of their Sins with them: And as to the rest of our Brethren, who either by Silence approve, or by crying Peace, Peace, strengthen the Arm of the Wicked, that they cannot return; in the mean Time make the Hearts of the Righteous sad; they shall all in like Manner be guilty of high Treason against the King of Kings, the Lord Jesus Christ, his Crown and Kingdom.

Next unto them, all our Commissioners, Chancellors, President, Comptroller, Advocate; and next unto them, all that first or last sat in the Council, and did not bear plain Testimony for Jesus Christ and his Kingdom, for which we do suffer: And next unto these, all those who should have at present, and who should at such Times have come, and made open Testimony of Christ faithfully, altho' it had been contrary to plain Law, and with the Hazard of their Lives: When the poor Jews were in such Danger, that nothing was expected but their Destruction. Queen *Esther*, after three Days fasting, concluded thus with herself, *I will, said she, go in to*

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the King, tho' it be not according to Law: and if I perish, I perish. Esther iv. 16. With this Resolution, such as are born Counsellors should have said, Christ's Kingdom is now at Hand, and I am bound also, and sworn, by a special Covenant, to maintain the Doctrine and Discipline thereof, according to my Vocation and Power, all the Days of my Life; under all the Pains contain'd in the Book of God, and Danger of Body and Soul, in the Day of God's fearful Judgment: And therefore, tho' I should perish in the Cause, yet will I speak for it, and to my Power defend it, according to my Vocation. Finally, All those that counsel, command, consent, and allow, are guilty in the Sight of our God: But the Mourners for these Evils, and the faithful of the Land, and those who are unfeignedly grieved in Heart for all these Abominations, those shall be marked as not guilty, *Ezek. ix.*

I know not, whether I shall have Occasion to write again; and therefore, by this Letter, as my latter Will and Testament, I give Testimony, Warning, and Knowledge of these Things to all Men, according to the Lord's Direction to the Prophet, *Son of Man I have made thee a Watchman, Ezek. xxxiii. 7. &c.* Therefore I give Warning to all Men hereby, that no Man's Blood be required at my Hands. Thus desiring the Help of your Prayers, with my humble Commendations, and Service in Christ, to my Lord your Husband, and all the Saints there; the Messenger of Peace be with you all for evermore. —Amen.

BLACKNESS,
January 6th 1606.

*Yours to my full Power, for the
Time Christ's Prisoner,*
MR. JOHN WELCH.

THIS is my Copy of this prophetical Letter: And as it is a Question, whether the great Prophecy concerning Scotland be yet fulfilled, or to receive its Accomplishment? So there is no doubt Part of it is fulfilled. For of all those, who were false Judges in that cruel Sentence, there is now no Remnant, or Memory, as is commonly observed.

Another famous prophetical Letter he wrote to Sir William Livingston of Killyth, one of the Lords of the College of Justice, wheteof this is my Copy.

Right Honourable, my hearty Salutations remembered in the Lord: Your Love and Care many Times have certainly comforted me. And having no other Thing to require, I shall, as I may, desire him who is able to do, and hath undertaken it, to meet you and yours with Consolation in his good Time.

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As for the Matter itself, the Bearer will shew you that what is required is such a Thing, as in the Sight of our Lord we may not do, without both the Hazard of our Consciences, and Liberty of Christ's Kingdom, which should be dearer to us than any Thing else. What a Slavery were it to us to bind our Conscience in the Service of our God, in the meanest Point of our Callings, to the Will of Man or Angels, and we are fully resolved, that what we did was acceptable Service to our God, who hath put it up as Service done to him, and has allowed and sealed it to us by many Tokens: So that it were more than high Impiety and Apostasy, to testify the Ruin or Undoing of any Thing, which our God hath ordained to be done. We, Sir, if the Lord will, are yet ready to do more in our Calling, and to suffer more for the same, if so be it will please our God to call us to it, and strengthen us in it, for ourselves we dare promise nothing; but, in our God, all Things.

As for that Instrument *Spotswood*, we are sure the Lord will never bless that Man, but a Malediction lyes upon him, and shall accompany all his Doings; and it may be, Sir, your Eyes shall see as great Confusion covering him, ere he go to his Grave, as ever did his Predecessors. Now surely, Sir, I am far from Bitterness; but here I denounce the Wrath of an everlasting God against him, which assuredly shall fall, except it be prevented. Sir, *Dagon* shall not stand before the Ark of the Lord, and these Names of Blasphemy that he wears of Lord-Bishop, and Arch-Bishop will have a fearful End. Not one Beck is to be given to *Haman*, suppose he were as great a Courtier as ever he was, suppose the Decree were given out, and sealed with the King's Ring, Deliverance will come to us elsewhere, and not by him, who has been so fore an Instrument, not against our Persons, that were nothing, for I protest to you, Sir, in the Sight of my God, I forgive him all the Evil he has done, or can do unto me, but to Christ's poor Kirk, in stamping under Foot so glorious a Kingdom, and Beauty as was once in this Land; he has helped to cut *Sampson's* Hair, and to expose him to Mocking; but the Lord will not be mocked, he shall be cast away as a Stone out of a Sling, his Name shall rot, and a Malediction shall fall upon his Posterity after he is gone. Let this, Sir, be a Monument of it, that it was told before, that when it shall come to pass, it may be seen there was Warning given him: And therefore, Sir, seeing I have not Access myself, if it would please God to move you, I wish you did deliver this hard Message to him, not as from me but from the Lord.

Blackness, 1605.

Mr. JOHN WALCH.

THE Man upon whom he complains and threatens so often, was Bishop *Spotiswood*, at that Time designed *Archbishop of Glasgow*, and this Prophecy was punctually accomplished, tho' after the Space of forty Years: For, *first*, the Bishop himself died in a strange Land, and, as many say, in Misery: Next, his Son, Sir *Robert Spotiswood*, sometime President of the Session, was beheaded by the Parliament of *Scotland*, at the Market-Cross of *St. Andrews*, in the Winter after the Battle of *Philiphaugh*, to which I myself with many Thousands were Witnesses. And as soon as ever he came to the Scaffold, Mr. *Blair*, the Minister of the Town, told him, that now Mr. *Welch* his Prophecy was fulfilled upon him, to which he replied in Anger, that Mr. *Welch* and he were both false Prophets.

But before he left *Scotland*, some remarkable Passages in his Behaviour are to be remembred. And *first*, when the Dispute about Church Government began to warm, as he was walking upon the Street of *Edinburgh*, betwixt two honest Citizens, he told them, they had in their Town two great Ministers, who were no great Friends to Christ's Cause presently in Controversy, but it should be seen, the World should never hear of their Repentance. The two Men were Mr. *Patrick Galloway*, and Mr. *John Hall*; and accordingly it came to pass: For Mr. *Patrick Galloway* died casting himself upon his Stool; and Mr. *John* being, at that Time in *Leith*, and his Servant Woman having left him alone in his House while she went to the Market, he was found dead all alone at her Return.

He was some Time Prisoner in *Edinburgh Castle* before he went into Exile, where one Night sitting at Supper with the Lord *Ochilry*, who was Uncle to Mr. *Welch*'s Wife, as his Manner was, he entertained the Company with godly and edifying Discourse, which was well received by all the Company, save only one debauched Popish young Gentleman, who sometimes laughed, and sometimes mocked, and made Faces: Whereupon, Mr. *Welch*, broke out into a sad abrupt Charge upon all the Company to be silent, and observe the Work of the Lord upon that prophane Mocker, which they should presently behold; Upon which immediately the prophane Wretch fell down and died beneath the Table; but never returned to Life again, to the great Astonishment of all the Company.

Another wonderful Story they tell of him at the same Time, the Lord *Ochilry*, the Captain of the Castle of *Edinburgh*, and Son to the good Lord *Ochilry*, who was Mr. *Welch*'s Uncle in Law, was indeed very civil to Mr. *Welch*, but being, for a long Time thro' the Multitude of Affairs, kept from visiting Mr. *Welch* in his Chamber, as he was one Day walking in the Court, and espying Mr. *Welch* at his Chamber Window, asked him kindly, How he did, and if in

any Case he could serve him? Mr. *Welch* answered him, He would earnestly intreat his Lordship, being at that Time to go to Court, to petition King *James*, in his Name, that he might have Liberty to preach the Gospel; which my Lord promised to do. Mr. *Welch* answered, My Lord, both because you are my Kinsman, and for other Reasons, I would earnestly intreat and obtest you, not to promise, except you faithfully perform. My Lord answered, He would faithfully perform his Promise, and so went for *London*: But tho', at his first Arrival, he was really purposed to present the Petition to the King; yet when he found the King in such a Rage against the godly Ministers, that he durst not at that Time present it, he therefore thought fit to delay it, and thereafter fully forgot it.

The first Time Mr. *Welch* saw his Face after his Return from Court, he asked him, What he had done with his Petition? My Lord answered, He had presented it to the King, but that the King was in so great a Rage against the Ministers at that Time, he believed it had been forgotten, for he had gotten no Answer. Nay, said Mr. *Welch* to him, My Lord, you should not lie to God and to me, for I know you never delivered it, tho' I warned you to take heed not to undertake it, except you would perform it; but because you have dealt so unfaithfully, remember God shall take from you both Estate and Honours, and give them to your Neighbour in your own Time. Which accordingly came to pass, for both his Estate and Honours were, in his own Time, translated upon *James Stuart*, Son to Captain *James*, who was indeed a Cadet, but not the lineal Heir of the Family.

While he was detained Prisoner in *Edinburgh* Castle, his Wife used, for the most Part, to stay in his Company; but, upon a Time, fell a longing to see her Family in *Ayr*, to which with some Difficulty he yielded: But when she was to take her Journey, he strictly charged her not to take the ordinary Way to her House when she came to *Ayr*, nor to pass by the Bridge thro' the Town, but to pass the River above the Bridge, and so to get the Way to her own house, and not to come into the Town; for he said, before you come thither, you shall find the Plague broke out in *Ayr*. Which accordingly came to pass.

The Plague was, at that Time, very terrible, and he being necessarily separate from his People, it was to him the more grievous. But when the People of *Ayr* came to him to bemoan themselves, his Answer was, That *Hugh Kennedy*, a godly Gentleman in their Town, should pray for them, and God should hear him. This Counsel they accepted, and the Gentleman, convening a Number of the honest Citizens, prayed fervently for the Town, as he was a mighty

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a mighty Wrestler with God, and accordingly after that the Plague decreased.

Now, the Time is come he must leave *Scotland*, and never see it again; so, upon the seventh of *November*, 1606. in the Morning, he, with his Neighbours, took Ship at *Lith*, and there it was but two a-Clock in the Morning, many were waiting on, with their afflicted Families, to bid them Farewel. After Prayer, they sang the twenty-third *Psalme*, and so, with the great Grief of the Spectators, set Sail for the South of *France*, and landed in the River of *Bordeaux*. Within fourteen Weeks after his Arrival, such was the Lord's Blessing on his Diligence, he was able to preach in *French*, and accordingly was speedily called to the Ministry, first in one Village, then in another; one of them was *Nérac*, and thereafter was settled in *Saint Jean d'Angely*, a considerable walled Town, and there he continued the rest of the Time he sojourned in *France*, which was about sixteen Years. When he began first to preach, it was observed by some of his Hearers, that while he continued in the doctrinal Part of his Sermon, he spoke very correct *French*, but when he came to his Application, and when his Affections kindled, his Pervour made him sometimes neglect the Accuracy of the *French* Construction; but there were godly young Men, who admonished him of this, which he took in very good Part: So, for the preventing Mistakes of that Kind, he desired the young Gentlemen, when they perceived him beginning to decline, to give him a Sign, and the Sign was, they were both to stand up upon their Feet, and thereafter he was more exact in his Expressions thro' his whole Sermon; so desirous was he not only to deliver good Matter, but to recommend it in neat Expression.

There were many Times Persons of great Quality in his Auditory, before whom he was just as bold as ever he had been in a *Scottish* Village; which moved Mr. *Boyd* of *Trochrig*, once to ask him, after he had preached before the University of *Samure*, with such Boldness and Authority, as if he had been before the meanest Congregation, how he could be so confident among Strangers, and Persons of such Quality? To which he answered, That he, was so filled with the Dread of God, he had no Apprehension from Man at all: And this Answer said Mr. *Boyd*, did not remove my Admiration, but rather increase it.

There was in his House, amongst many others which tabled with him for good Education, a young Gentleman of great Quality, and suitable Expectations, and this was the Heir of the Lord *Ochiltrey*, who was Captain of the Castle of *Edinburgh*. So that this young Nobleman, after he had gained very much upon Mr. *Welch's* Affections, fell sick of a grievous Sickness, and after he had been near

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wasted with it, closed his Eyes, and expired, as dying Men use to do : So to the Apprehension and Sense of all Spectators, he was no more but a Carcase, and was therefore taken out of his Bed, and laid upon a Pallat on the Floor that his Body might be the more conveniently dressed, as dead Bodies use to be. This was to Mr. *Welch* a very great Grief, and therefore he stayed with the young Man's dead Body full three Hours lamenting over him with great Tenderness. After twelve Hours, the Friends brought a Coffin, wherein to they desired the Corps to be put, as the Custom is : But Mr. *Welch* desired, that, for the Satisfaction of his Affections, they would forbear the Youth for a Time ; which they granted, and returned not till twenty-four Hours, after his Breath was expired : Then they returned, desiring with great Importunity the Corps might be coffined, that it might be speedily buried, the Weather being extremely hot ; yet he persisted in his Request, earnestly begging them to excuse him for once more. So they left the Youth upon his Pallat for full thirty-six Hours : But even after all that, tho' he was urged, not only with great Earnestness, but Displeasure, they were constrained to forbear for twelve Hours yet more. After forty-eight Hours were past, Mr. *Welch* was still where he was, and then his Friends perceived he believed the young Man was not really dead, but under some Apoplectick Fit ; and therefore proposed to him, for his Satisfaction, that Trial should be made upon his Body by Doctors and Chirurgeons, if possibly any Spark of Life might be found in him ; and with this he was content. So the Physicians were set a Work, who pinch'd him with Pineers in the fleshy Part of his Body ; and twisted a Bowstring about his Head with great Force ; but no Sign of Life appeared in him, so the Physicians pronounced him stark dead ; and then there was no more Delay to be desired : Yet, Mr. *Welch* begged of them once more that they would but step into the next Room for an Hour or Two, and leave him with the dead Youth, and this they granted. Then, Mr. *Welch*, fell down before the Pallat, and cried unto the Lord with all his Might for the last Time, and sometimes looking upon the dead Body, continuing in wrestling with the Lord, till at Length the dead Youth opened his Eyes, and cried out to Mr. *Welch*, who he distinctly knew, *O, Sir, I am all whole but my Head and Legs* : And these were the Places they had sore hurt with their pinching.

When Mr. *Welch* perceived this, he called upon his Friends, and shewed the dead young Man restored to Life again, to their great Astonishment. And this young Nobleman, tho' his Father lost the Estate of *Ochiltry*, lived to acquire a great Estate in *Ireland*, and was Lord *Casslestewart*, and a Man of such excellent Parts, that he

he was courted by the Earl of *Strefford*, to be a Counsellor in *Ireland*, which he refused to be, until the godly silenced *Scottish* Ministers, who suffered under the Bishops in the North of *Ireland*, were restored to the Exercise of their Ministry, and then he engaged, and so continued for all his Life, not only in Honour and Power, but in the Profession and Practice of Godliness, to the great Comfort of the Country where he lived. This Story the Nobleman communicated to his Friends in *Ireland*, and from them I had it.

While Mr. *Welch* was Minister in one of these *French* Villages, upon an Evening a certain Popish Frier, travelling thro' the Country, because he could not find Lodging in the whole Village, addressed himself to Mr. *Welch* his House for one Night. The Servants acquainted their Master, and he was content to receive this Guest. The Family had supp'd before he came, and so the Servants convoyed the Frier to his Chamber, and after they had made his Supper, they left him to his Rest. There was but a Timber Partition betwixt him and Mr. *Welch*, and after the Frier had slept his first Sleep, he was surpris'd with the Noise of a silent but constant whispering Noise, at which he wondred very much, and was not a little troubled with it.

The next Morning he walked in the Fields, where he chanced to meet a Country-Man, who saluting him because of his Habit, asked him where he had lodged that Night? The Frier answered, He had lodged with the *Hugonet* Minister. Then the Country-Man asked him, What Entertainment he had? The Frier answered, Very bad; for, said he, I always held there were Devils haunting these Ministers Houses, and I am perswaded there was one with me this Night, for I heard a continual Whisper all the Night over, which I believe was no other Thing than the Minister and the Devil conversing together. The Country-Man told him, He was much mistaken, and that it was nothing else but the Minister at his Night Prayers. O, said the Frier, does the Minister pray any? Yes, more than any Man in *France*, answered the Country-Man, and, if you'll please to stay another Night with him, you may be satisfied. The Frier got him home to Mr. *Welch*'s House, and pretended Indisposition, intreated another Night's Lodging which was granted him.

Before Dinner, Mr. *Welch* came from his Chamber, and made his Family-Exercise, according to his Custom: And first he sung a Psalm, then read a Portion of Scripture, and discoursed upon it, thereafter he prayed with great Fervour, as his Custom was: To all which, the Frier was an astonish'd Witness. After the Exercise they went to Dinner, where the Frier was very civilly entertained, Mr. *Welch* forbearing all Question and Dispute for that

Time. When the Evening came, Mr. *Welch* made his Exercise as he had done in the Morning, which occasioned yet more wondering in the Frier; and after Supper, to Bed they all went: But the Frier longed much to know what the Night-Whisper was, and in that he was soon satisfied, for after Mr. *Welch's* first Sleep, the Noise began; and then the Frier resolved to be sure what it was; so he creep'd silently to Mr. *Welch's* Chamber-Door, and there he heard not only the Sound, but the Words exactly, and Communications betwixt God and Man, and such as he knew not had been in the World. Upon this, the next Morning, as soon as Mr. *Welch* was ready, the Frier went to him, and told him, that he had been in Ignorance, and lived in Darknes all his Time; but now he was resolved to adventure his Soul with Mr. *Welch*, and thereupon declared himself *Protestant*. Mr. *Welch* welcomed him, and encouraged him, and he continued a constant *Protestant* to his dying Day. This Story I had from a godly Minister, who was bred in Mr. *Welch's* House in *France* about the Year 16.....

When *Lewis XIII.* of *France* made War upon the *Protestants* there, because of their Religion; the City of *St. Jean d'Angely* was by him and his Royal Army besieged, and brought into extreme Danger. Mr. *Welch* was Minister in the Town, and mightily encouraged the Citizens to hold out, assuring them, God should deliver them. In the mean Time of the Siege, a Cannon-Ball pierced the Bed where he was lying; upon which he got up, but would not leave the Room, till he had, by Solemn Prayer, acknowledged his Deliverance. During this Siege, the Townsmen made stout Defence, till once one of the King's Gunners placed a great Gun, so conveniently upon a rising Ground, that therewith he could command the whole Wall, upon which the Townsmen made their greatest Defence. Upon this, they were constrained to forsake the whole Wall in great Terror, and though they had several Guns planted upon the Wall, no Man durst undertake to manage them. This being told Mr. *Welch* with great Affrightment, he notwithstanding, encouraged them still to hold out; and, running to the Wall himself, found the Cannonier (who was a *Burgundian*) near the Wall; him he intreated to mount the Wall, promising to assist him in Person: So to the Wall they got. The Cannonier told Mr. *Welch*, that either they behaved to dismount the Gun upon the rising Ground, or else were surely lost. Mr. *Welch* desired him to aim well, and he should serve him, and God would help him; so the Gunner falls a scouring his Piece, and Mr. *Welch* ran to the Powder to fetch him a Charge; but as soon as he was returning, the King's Gunner fires his Piece, which carried both the Powder and Shot out of Mr. *Welch's* Hands; which yet did not discourage

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discourage him; for having left the Ladle, he filled his Har with Powder, wherewith the Gunner loaded his Piece, and discharged the King's Gun at the first Shot. So the Citizens returned to their Post of Defence.

This discouraged the King so, that he sent to the Citizens to offer them fair Conditions; which were, that they should enjoy the Liberty of their Religion, their Civil Privileges, but their Walls should be demolished: Only the King desired for his Honour, that he might enter the City with his Servants in a friendly Manner. This the City thought fit to grant, and the King with a few more entred the City for a short Time. But while the King was in the City, Mr. *Welch* preached as was his ordinary, which much offended the *French Court*; so one Day, while he was at Sermon, the King sent the Duke d'*Espernon* to fetch him out of the Pulpit into his Presence. The Duke went with his Guard, and as soon as he entred the Church where Mr. *Welch* was preaching, Mr. *Welch* commanded to make way, and to set a Seat that the Duke might hear the Word of the Lord. The Duke, instead of interrupting him, sat down, and gravely heard the Sermon to an End; and then told Mr. *Welch*, he behoved to go with him to the King; which Mr. *Welch* willingly did. When the Duke came to the King, the King asked him, Why he brought not the Minister with him, and why he did not interrupt him? The Duke answered, Never Man spake like this Man, but that he had brought him with him. Whereupon Mr. *Welch* is called, and when he entred the King's Room, he kneeled upon his Knees, and silently prayed for Wisdom and Assistance. Thereafter the King challenged him, How he durst preach where he was, since it was against the Law of *France*, that any Man should preach within the Verge of his Court? Mr. *Welch* answered, Sir, if you did right, you would come and hear me preach, and make all *France* hear me likewise. For, said he, I preach not as those Men you hear preach; my Preaching differs from theirs, in these two Points. First, I preach you must be saved by the Death and Merits of Jesus Christ, and not your own. Next, I preach, said he, That as you are King of *France*, you are under the Authority and Command of no Man on Earth; those Men, said he, whom you hear, subject you to the Pope of *Rome*, which I will never do. The King replied no more, but *vous sçavez mon Ministre*. Well, well, you shall be my Minister; and some say, called him Father, which is an Honour the King of *France* bestows upon few of the greatest Prelates in *France*: However he was favourably dismissed at that Time, and the King also left the City in Peace.

THE LIFE of

But within a short Time thereafter the War was renewed; and then Mr. *Welch* told the Inhabitants of the City, that now their Cup was full, and they should no more escape; which accordingly came to pass, for the King took the Town; and as soon as ever it fell into his Hand, he commanded *Vitry*, the Captain of his Guard, to enter the Town, and preserve his Minister from all Danger; and then were Horses and Wagons provided for Mr. *Welch*, to transport him and his Family for *Rochel*, whither he went, and there sojourned for a Time. This Story, my Lord *Kennure*, who was bred at Mr. *Welch*'s House, told Mr. *Livingston*, Minister at *Amurum*, and from him I had it.

After his Flock in *France* was scattered, he obtained Liberty to come to *England*; and his Friends made hard Suit that he might be permitted to return to *Scotland*, because the Physicians declared there was no other Way to preserve his Life, but by the Freedom he might have in his native *Ayr*. But to this King *James* would never yield, protesting he should never be able to establish his beloved Bishops in *Scotland*, if Mr. *Welch* were permitted to return thither; so he languished in *London* a considerable Time; his Disease was judged by some to have a Tendency to a Sort of Leprosy. Physicians said he had been poisoned. A Langour he had, together with a great Weakness in his Knees, caused with his continual kneeling at Prayer. By which it came to pass, that tho' he was able to move his Knees, and to walk, yet he was wholly insensible in them, and the Flesh became hard like a Sort of Horn. But when, in the Time of his Weakness, he was desired to remit somewhat of his excessive Painfulness; his Answer was, *He had his Life of God, and therefore it should be spent for him.*

His Friends importuned King *James* very much, that if he might not return into *Scotland*, at least he might have Liberty to preach at *London*; which King *James* would never grant, till he heard all Hopes of Life were past, and then he allowed him Liberty to preach, not fearing his Activity.

Then, as soon as ever he heard he might preach, he greedily embraced this Liberty; and having Access to a Lecturer's Pulpit, he went and preached both long and fervently; which was the last Performance of his Life; for after he had ended Sermon, he returned to his Chamber, and within two Hours, quietly and without Pain, he resigned his Spirit into his Maker's Hands; and was buried near Mr. *Dorling*, the famous *English* Divine, after he had been little more than 52 Years of Age.

(29)
A POEM upon the LIFE of Mr. JOHN WELCH

O Worthy WELCH! where is he gone?
Sure to the Heavens above;
Where all the ransomed ones do dwell,
That Jesus truly love.

2 He was a mighty Champion
Unto his Lord and King;
But now he's mounted on the Throne,
Where Saints and Angels sing.

3 He was a faithful Labourer
Into his Lord's Vineyard,
In keeping of the tender Vines,
With careful Watch and Ward.

4 He was no Stranger at the Throne,
Where his great Lord doth sit;
For a third Part of every Day
For Prayer he did sit.

5 Until the Bulls of Bashan did
Him from his Labour take,
And in the Prisons of the Earth,
Him for to groan did make.

6 O happy Land! where such an one
As worthy WELCH doth dwell,
Who answered was by his great Lord,
Just ready on his Call.

7 He had such Measures of the Spirit
From Jesus to him given,
That, since the Apostles Days, was not
His like under the Heaven.

8 He was a Prophet that could tell
His Enemies to their Face,
What Jesus was about to do
With that rebellious Race.

Let Heaven and Earth lament and mourn,
When we think on the Case
That poor backslidden Scotland's in,
Where such great Worthies was.

Let us with Tears sit in the Dust,
And cry with mourning Voice
To Jesus who can only help,
And yet make us rejoice.

'Tis only from his royal Throne
That Zion help can have,
He sits, he must be still and rot,
His Corps do in the Grave.

But O! let us long for the Day
When us exalt shall he,
And sit upon his Royal Throne;
Where comes no Enemy.

Where WELCH and all the Worthies are,
And shall employed be
To sing of Moses and the Lamb,
To all Eternity.

† Rev. xv. 3.



WILLIAM GALL

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